THE APRIL MAGAZINES.

" PETNAMPAS

Turner & Co. send us Putnam's Magazine for April, which has the following table of contents:-

"American Dress," Professor de Vere; "A Queen of Society," Colonel J. W. Deforest; "Concerning Charlotte" (concluded), M. C. P.; "A Night on the Mississippi" (in war time), Ross Guffin; "Insect-Life in Winter," S. F. Cooper; "Madrid, from Noon till Midnight," A. A. Adee; "The Eastern Portal to the Pole," Professor T. B. Maury; "In Extremis," Edw. Renaud: "A Woman's Right," IV, Mrs. M. C. Ames; "The New Southwhat it is Doing and what it Wants," Ed. de Leon; "Predicatorisma: Old Sensation Preachers," Rev. J. Vila Blake; "Mary Russell Mitford," H. T. Tuckerman; "A Pompeian Enigma," Leonard Kip; "The American Doctrine of Neutrality;" "Editorial Notes;" "Literature at Home," R. H. Stoddard; "Literature and Art Abroad," Bayard Taylor.

From Professor de Vere's paper entitled "American Dress" we make these extracts:-

Unfortunately, here also the tendency of republican institutions to level downward, at least as much as upward, has not failed to show its effects. Men in the so-called higher classes dress with a slovenliness, and an utter disregard to comfort as well as to comeliness, which is astonishing to the foreigner. If questioned on the subject, they reply, more Americano, by a question: Why should they do otherwise? Where the warehouse-porter dresses in all points like the millionaire in the counting-room, and where the maid claims the right to wear the best robes of her mistress, whenever she desires it, there is no longer any incentive for dressing really well and with special care. Even the slight peculiarities which mark the gentleman in England and on the Continent, the careful choice of well-matched colors, the plain but be-coming cut of the clothes to suit the stout or the thin man, and the cold or the warm season, and above all the fineness and spotless purity of the linen, are rarely noticed in American society. All such special care be-stowed upon matters of dress would excite attention and might become an impediment in courting popularity. The favorites of the people, the rulers of the nation, are all of them more or less self-made men; they have been sitting cross-legged on the tailor's bench or they have been flatboatmen on the Mississippi, or carried loads of wood into town; and however little this may interfere with the development of stern integrity, brilliant genius, and matchless valor, it produces outward results very different from those which are caused by careful training in childhood and hereditary good-breeding. The American citizen must not dress better, even if he have the taste and the leisure to do so, than the idol of a nation or the victorious chieftain.

The "clothing store" is every man's tailor, and the supply, manufactured by the hundred thousand, is sent from the great trade centres to every part of the Union. The man who from the Hub of the Universe directs the intellectual life of the nation, dresses exactly like the Nevada miner in his meeting-house costume, and the incorrigible Rebel of Georgia cannot be distinguished from the loval clerk in the departments at Washington, nor the pious divine from the blatant Mormon in the City of the Saints.

Young men, of course, are capable of the folly of dressing in European style: they have their morning and their dinner costume; they dress for the country and for the opera—as long as their tailors' bills are paid from the paternal purse or Cupid spurs them on and they move in "the bloom of young desire and purple light of love." But the change is as distressing as it is sudden, when the motive is withdrawn. No sooner has Young Hopeful established himself in business or brought a mistress to his "princely mansion," than all such trifling attention to dress and outward appearance is forgotten, and he sinks without a sigh into the vast army of citizens, who all think and dress and act alike. Henceforth he loses his individuality. The wisp rarely absent from Lord Palmerston's lips, the white cravat of Guizot, and the famous "three hairs" of Bismarck, are of as little interest to him as the little hat and the gray greatcoat of Napoleon and the scrupulously correct costume of the Iron Duke; and yet these peculiarities are held by some not to be entirely uninteresting and unmeaning.

How the traveller on his weary way through the Union sighs for some change of costume How he loathes the unfailing black coat and tall hat! The everlasting costume, varied at best only by more or less beard, meets him in the counting-room and at the horse-race, at the political barbecue and in nine pulpits out of ten; the gambler behind his faro table sits there in dress coat and "beaver," as national custom has it, and so does the judge on his bench; dress coat and "beaver" travel on crowded stages in outlying territories, and follow the plough in ancient homesteads. It is said that political feelings did for a time at least hold out some hope that there might arise a variety of costume; the Northern Boys in Blue loved to see themselves dressed in blue, and appeared in squaretoed boots and regular dress coats on solemn occasions, while the men in gray preferred the Confederate color, abhorred square-toes, and indulged, for the sake of opposition mainly, in vast frockcoats hanging down to the feet. Two such costumes have become almost historical: The leader, who maintained his ground so long against immensely superior numbers and gross imbecility in the councils of his chief, has become endeared to the Southerner in his gray citizen's dress, which harmonizes so well with the placid, lofty features and the silvery hair and beard. The other is the stereotype bridegroom of the Southwest: patent-leather boots, glossy broadcloth from head to foot, with vast overflowing skirts, white satin vest with a superb diamond pin in the embroidered and frilled bosom, and—a patent paper-collar.

It must be added, however, that if the

American shows in his dress neither remarkable taste nor strongly marked character, he is on the other hand infinitely superior to the European, en masse, in point of cleanliness and abundance of clothing. The foreigner may rarely meet with a really well-dressed gentleman, but he will still more rarely come in contact with that untidiness which instinctively recalls the tiny basins and miniature pitchers of the water-abhorring German or the discolored hands of many a Frenchman, who is evidently not "well off for soap;" and, bet-ter still, he will see no rags in the States. This is not merely the effect of the facility with which employment is found and good wages are obtained, but also of the self-respect which republican institutions develop in every citizen. Every man feels that he has a voice in the affairs of his country, and that he is therefore sure to be respected in proportion as he commands the respect of others. This consciousness of his own rights and his power, this court which is paid him by every

sergeant, and the certainty that there is no social barrier in his way to the highest place in the land—all these give him a sense of his own dignity, which instinctively seeks utterance in a becoming dress and a more or less dignified carriage.

Nature has endowed the American lady with a profusion of rich gifts, far beyond their less favored sisters abroad. If really great beauties are comparatively rare-and even on this point the diversity of taste may lead to a difference of opinion—the majority of women are more than merely fair. They are almost without exception delicately made, and in this respect very different from the robust type of the English girl of the period, with her ruddy color, her full form, and her deep, masculine voice, and still more different from the heavy, angular German girl, who combines so mysteriously an immense amount of sentimentality with an unlimited appetite. The neck and the extremities are uniformly so small that European establishments have to make collars, gloves, and shoes, especially for the American market, certain sizes of these three articles being utterly unsalable in Europe. Hence, when the American girl reaches her national heaven, Paris, and has been for a few weeks in the hands of French artists, she is simply perfection. She outshines the Parisian on her own privileged ground. Elderly men will remember a fair New York beauty, who visited Paris when the Emperor was still President, and the furore her exquisite toilettes created, whenever she appeared at the opera, at the Elysee, or at the Bois. Younger men need not be reminded of the recent rivalry between one of their beautiful countrywomen and the brilliant Metternich, and the desperate but futile efforts made by the great arbiter of fashion to wrest the crown of victory from her hands. Combining great natural advantages in beauty and grace with admirable taste and an almost instinctive perception of the becoming, American women abroad very easily outstrip all competitors in the art of dressing.

All the more is it to be regretted that their

taste at home has been vitiated by fierce

competition, so as to make them prefer richness of texture, brightness of color, and often simple costliness, to what is handsome in itself or becoming in individual cases. From the days of Mad'lle Victorine, Parisian modistes have had their show-rooms for their country-women, another for English ladies, and still another for transatlantic visitors: in the first are seen things pretty and elegant, but cheap; in the second, marvellous strucspecially designed to please the peculiar taste of Miladi; and in the third, the most expensive articles, the gorgeous costumes. But worse most still is behind. When the great New York milliner performs her semi-annual pilgrimage to the Mecca of Fashion, she knows full well how happpily the interests of her purse agree with the taste of her customers, and she selects only the most striking and most expensive of novelties. These, and these only-often worn by none but the demi-monde, but endorsed by the prestige of her name—become the fashion, and the American ladies, to their great injury, forego the immense variety of less showy and less costly articles of dress, which enable the Frenchwoman, in her judicious selection of what is really pretty and becoming to her size, color, and character, to appear always to great advantage at very little expense. And if this is the penalty paid by the fashionable lady of New York and New Orleans-where alone fashions are directly imported—sad is the fate of the American lady in the remoter inland town. Never was there known in history such abject slavery to fashion; not even in the saddest days of Germany, when she was Frenchified from the courts of her forty odd princes down to the humblest home of the green grocer. If Flora McFlimsey wears crimson gloves, the epidemic spreads like wildfire, and in a few weeks every lady, from Maine to Texas, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has bloody hands. If Mme. La Mode proclaims the crinoline defunct, the dresses collapse instantly all over the Union, and present marvellous shapes in the insane desire to obey the edict before the newly-devised substitute can be procured. As every woman is a lady—as Biddy, the Irish maid, dresses as nearly as she can like her mistress, and even Dinah, the scullion, now has entered the lists-the trade in fashions is brisk beyond all conception. The example of New York is followed by the great milliners in the large cities of each State; from these centres the smaller towns are supplied, and thanks to the matchless facility of travelling and of conveying goods to vast distances by means of express agencies, the last novelty reaches the most remote regions in an incredibly short time. The traveller can hardly overtake them, and is pretty sure to find the farmer's wife in the Far West in a costume he has seen in Broadway, and to meet the last style of a bonnet that came over in the same vessel with him in every shop-window throughout the land. At least he will recognize a faint resemblance; for the exaggera tion increases with the distance from New York, the great metropolis of the Union; and the short dress, which nearly touched the mud-defiled pavement of the city, has shrunk up above the boot-tops by the time it has reached the South, while the little rosebud in the coquettish hat has bloomed forth into a colossal bouquet, glowing in all the colors of

the rainbow. But the sad effects of this universal and almost slavish submission to fashion are not limited to the injury done to taste and propriety; they go much further and do more fatal damage. As economy is an almost unknown virtue in this land of plenty, so that even a five years' war could not teach it, the good people of the South and their women dress as richly and brilliantly now as ever. No one thinks of wearing last season's finery, or turning a half-worn dress to make it serve a second year. To be suspected of being too poor to buy new articles of dress for every one of the four seasons of the year, would be a misfortune; but to have to wear old-fashioned things-that horror could not possibly be borne! And yet there are hard-hearted fathers and brutal husbands who will not -perhaps caunot-afford the enormous outlay, and the result is that the peuting damsel stays away from church, or marries the first man who offers, merely that she may have the means of dressing well; while the discontented wife finds a pretext to visit another State, where generous laws and a wholesouled judge grant her a divorce, so that she may marry a richer husband. What matters it that blood is shed in consequence, that murder is committed, and disgrace covers her and her children? She finds renowned divines willing to sanction the fearful act, she is supported and praised by her sisters "in solemn council assembled," and famous authors use her name to fill religious papers with rapturous eulogies on Free Love!

This extravagant fondness for fashionable and expensive dress has, of course, its happy effects also, according to the same theory

five "toilettes" a day, that trade may be benefited, and induces powerful potentates in Germany graciously to patro-nize gambling saloons, that the poor of their miniature realm may be supported by foreign visitors. Millions flow into the treasury of the United States from the high duties imposed upon silks and laces; a Stewart grows rich in almost every large city, and builds marble palaces from the profits he makes on the sale of what here is called dry goods, and opulent milliners drive their phaetons in the park or on the shellroad. There is not a village of a few thousand inhabitants that could not at needs supply the means of dressing a lady in a style fit for Piccadilly or the Champs Elysees; and what in Europe is still largely the exclusive property of the high-born and wealthy is here, in true republican style, within reach of every one who is willing to spend a few dollars-for there seems never to be a question as to the ability. This produces two pleasing results. In the first place, American women, throughout the length and breadth of the land, are infinitely better dressed than their sisters in Europe. Go to the smallest inland towngo to country-seats remote from railway and stage line-go even to the border States, where civilization in its highest type comes still in immediate contact with savage life, and everywhere you will find persons well dressed and looking unmistakable ladies. The slender figure, no doubt, sets off the simple dress, the small hand instinctively seeks Jouvin's gloves, and the pretty foot demands a small, well-fitting boot; but there is always more or less taste to be seen in the choice of the colors and the fit of the dress. The bold mixture of colors so fatal to the attractions of English girls, the pinched look produced by the habitual rigorous economy of German ladies, and the careless slovenliness so often seen in Italian women, are rarely found in America. The facilities and cheap rates of travelling enable almost every girl in the land to visit the larger cities occasionally, and her observant eye and quick wit enable her soon to find out what is the prevailing style, and to acquire a general idea of what is suitable and what is becoming. The thorough-bred pro-vincial air, which is such a constant source of amusement to the traveller in the Old World, hardly exists in the States; and the inmate of a log-cabin in the territories often looks as well dressed and as aristocratic in bearing as many a high and noble lady abroad. Hence, also, the almost marvellous facility

with which the American lady adapts herself to foreign habits and foreign styles of dress. Many a fair daughter of this favored land was born in a humble cottage, sent to a public school, and compelled to earn her livelihood by the work of her hand or the teaching of chil-Iren. She may have married, when she was quite young and unused to the ways of the world, an industrious mechanic, a modest school-master, or a youthful barrister. She has risen with her husband from step to step, rarely seeing the world, till one fine day she awakes to find herself the wife of a foreign minister. She crosses the ocean, she appears at court, she mingles with the highest in the land, and as there is not a trace of awkwardness in her manner, so her dress is in perfect keeping with her new station in life, and she wears her unwonted splendor with the same simple ease and perfect grace which in Europe are deemed the precious prerogative of the high-born. Nor must the revers de la medaille be forgotten. The sudden rise is not more frequent than the sudden fall; the ambassador is recalled by a new President, the millionaire sees his wealth take wings in a day of panic in Wall street, the owner of thousands of slaves is left penniless by a President's proclamation, and the wife has to lay aside her splendor and to exchange her velvets and her diamonds for simple cali-

coes and modest ribbons.

But, with the same innate dignity and outward grace, she remains the lady still in her homely dress, and gives to the cheapest materials and plainest forms a charm which neither poverty nor seclusion from the great world can ever efface. This rare gift of the American lady was most signally exhibited during the late civil war, when the Southern States were for five years almost hermetically closed to the outer world, and the ladies of the South were compelled, from destitution as well as from sheer ignorance of foreign fashions, to dress as well as they could. And yet English travellers and Continental officers, who saw them during that time, bear uniform witness to the unmistakable cachet of good-breeding which they knew to impress upon toilettes, which under all other circumstances would have appeared most odd and extraordinary. There was something indescribably touching, we are told, in the homely, unadorned costume in which ladies reared in luxury, and even splendor, would welcome British lords and French princes in bare rooms; their calicoes were worn with a distinction, and their homespun fitted with an elegance, which made them only the more attractive, and reminded the visitors that the carpets had been transformed into blankets, and the silk curtains into coverlids, while the fair owners spent their days in nursing the wounded and working for the ill-clad soldiers in the field.

Since the war, however, the tendency to extravagance which has taken possession of the American people has not failed to affect the fair sex also, and naturally shows itself most in the injury it has done to their native good taste. Still, there is a very perceptible difference in this respect also, between the dress of the North and the South, the East and the West. As all the levelling power of republicanism has never yet succeeded in totally effacing the differences which climate, soil, and occupation produce in men's speech and manner, so fashion also has to bend, bon gre mal gre, to the same influences. The down-eastern girl, strong in her well-trained mind and almost masculine independence, is apt to affect stern simplicity in dress; she eschews bright colors and ornate fashions; she wears stout shoes, thick waterproofs, and loves to cut her hair short. New York is far more cosmopolitan, representing, in countless varieties of dress, the wonderful mixture of nationalities that make up her population, and bearing, like a true metropolis, no distinctive mark of her own. Very different, indeed, is, in this respect, the southernmost city, New Orleans, where ladies dress in genuine French style, having Paris fashions imported directly, and copying them with matchless taste and brilliant success. As a traveller makes his way from New York southward, he notices, not without occasional smile of amusehow the sober colors the North gradually give way to brighter shades; how flounces grow in number and bows in size; how flowers begin to abound in the hair and on hat and bonnet, and a slight tendency to exaggeration becomes more and more visible, tempered and restrained from running into extremes only by admirable good taste. If he travels westward, a similar

change will attract his attention; but here it

candidate for office, from the aspirant to the | which makes the French Emperor order his | is a growing fondness for the richest stuffs | burned them on a porcelain plate, and stirred white House down to the ambitious town | guests at Versailles or Compeigne to make | and the most expensive jewelry, till he meets | the ashes into a cup of water. He filled his and the most expensive jewelry, till he meets the Western belle, still in her teens, but fairly bending under the weight of the heavy silk of her dress and the number and size of

her diamonds. Take it all in all, the Americans dress remarkably well—far better, as a people, than any other nation on earth. It is true, the number of men and women who can be said to dress really very well is but small; but, what is of far greater importance, when we endeavor to read the character of a people in its outward appearance, the number of downright ill-dressed persons is still smaller; and the immense majority show, by the happy juste milieu which they observe in all matters concerning dress, that the Americans prove here also that good taste, sound judgment, and legitimate self-respect which, applied to subjects of higher importance, have made them the leading nation of the world.

"THE ATLANTIC." Turner & Co. send us the April number of The Atlantic, which has the following list of articles: - "Joseph and his Friend," iv; "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," "The Advent Preacher," "Through the Woods to Lake Superior," "Courage," "A Lumberwoman," "Reviving Virginia," "The Lauson Tragedy," i; "Right and Left," "My Triumph," "The Gods of Wo Lee," "The Blue-Jay Family," "Peter Pitchlynn, Chief of the Choctaws," "An Alpine Home," "Reviews and Literary Notices," "Bjornson's Tales-'Red as a Rose is She.'"

From the article on the Chinese in California, entitled "The Gods of Wo Lee," we quote

as follows --The Chinese in California have no regular day for religious services. Our Sabbath they observe as a general holiday: then the barbers and the market-men and the opium-dealers and the eating-houses do a driving business; and if the day be fair, the stranger in the Quarter will have a view of joyous and careless and exuberant life that he cannot soon forget. There are festivals for one or another of the gods on nearly a third of the days in the year, but only a few of them require universal observance on the part of the people. The temples are open continually, and can be engaged for the day or the hour by any one wishing service. There are no priests or public teachers, but the gods are severally waited on by a number of attendants.

The decorations of the temples are unique

and not easy to describe. The image is

generally in a niche or recess, on a platform about four feet high. The altar is like a large and heavy table; over it is the sacred fire—a lamp kept forever burning; on it are tall, slender candlesticks, with copper vessels in which incense and offerings are burned. On each side of the room is the row of "eight holy emblems"-staves six or seven feet long, with a fan or an axe or a knife at the upper end. In one of the rear corners is a bell or a gong, with which the attention of the god may be attracted. There are numerous tablets fastened to the walls and ceilings, made of wood, four or five feet long by fifteen or twenty inches wide, mostly red or yellow in color, covered with Chinese letters which may be sentences of thanks or praise, or lines from some of the classics. In one temple is a stove, wherein are burned pictures of whatever one would like to send to the dead. Banners of strange device greatly abound. There are rich vases for flowers: bronze lions or dragons to watch by the god; mats for kneeling worshippers; rolls of prayers printed on yellow paper; chandeliers glittering with cut glass; canopies and curtains of gorgeous silk; the god's great seal of authority; cloths with fantastic birds worked in old thread; slabs of bronze, with hundreds of small human figures in bas-relief; carvings of wood that no white man can understand; scrolls with notices and injunctions to visitors: cups in which divining-slips are kept; bundles of incense-sticks like pipe-stems for size; fragrant sandal-wood tapers, and through the room a languid odor of foreign lands. The worshipper brings in his offering of rice or fruits or dressed chicken, places it on the altar, lights the tapers and his incense of some strongly scented mixture, and then drops on his knees and inaudibly recites his prayers while the attendant strikes half a dozen blows on the bell or gong. As he did so at my first visit, I thought of Elijah and the prophets of Baal:-"Cry aloud; either he is talking, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked.

Wo Lee worships in his own way and at his own pleasure such of the gods as he chooses to adore. If he is in bad luck, he goes to the temple and prays for good luck; if his business prospers, he goes there and ren-ders thanks; he asks for guidance in new undertakings; he makes prayers for the recovery of friends from illness; he brings offerings for a safe journey to his old home; he puts up a tablet of praise when he arrives from shipboard; he burns incense on the death of his children; he seeks counsel from the gods when he is in distress; he presents wine and fruits after escape from calamity; he bows down and implores help against his enemies; he beats his head on the floor before Kwan Tae when the courts refuse him protection. He ascribes frowns and favors, troubles and blessings, joys and sorrows, to the higher powers; and his whole round of yearly life is interfused with the forms and dignities and ceremonials of religion. His faith may be cold to our hearts, and his pomps frivolous or blasphemous in our eyes: but in such light as he has he walks, with ready and sincere acknowledgment of human dependence on superhuman aid and mercy. His precepts are moral and kindly precepts; the adornment of his house is a salutation of good-will; he respects old age, and keeps green the memory of the wise fathers; the lessons of his youth taught him to look upward, and in his mature years he does not forget this teaching. Such we shall find him to be when we really begin the work of trying to Christianize him-a man of great faith in superior intelligence, but almost immovable devotion to many gods whereto he can give visible form and body; of high reverence for powers and abilities greater than those of earth, but materialistic in all his conceptions, and blind to our ideas of Christ and the

He is a great believer in spirits, particularly in those with an evil disposition. His upper world is peopled by gods, and his under world by multitudes of devils. Numbers of his kinsfolk are professional devilkillers, and their services are often in demand to rid houses of these unwelcome visitors, During my stay in California a dwelling at Sacramento became infested, and thereby ensued a high commotion in the Chinese Quarter. The exorcist or devilkiller was summoned, and four or five hours of hard work slew or drove out the evil spirits. He burned incense before the family or house. hold god, and fervently repeated many and diverse prayers; he mouthed numerous curses, wrote them with red ink on yellow paper,

the ashes into a cup of water. He filled his mouth with this holy water, took a stout sword in one hand, and in the other held an engraved bit of wood weighty with virtue for the overthrow of demons. Then he stamped up and down the rooms in a vigorous manner, thrusting and brandishing his sword, holding aloft his magic wand, spurting water from his mouth in every direction, commanding the devils in his loudest voice to depart, yelling and howling and cursing and fighting, till the police hustled through the awed and excited crowd, swooped down on the magician, decided straightway that the devils were all in him, and so carried him, panting and exhausted, to the watch-house, there to meditate on the ways of the 'Melican man, and renew himself for further fearful encounters with the evil spirits that vex the good Chinaman's peace and happiness.

My Oriental friend's religion has a considerable element of superstition. His almanac is filled with lucky and unlucky days. He sees signs and omens in everything. The gods give him a convenient excuse whenever he wants to break an engagement or evade a disagreeable duty. He has ivory pieces and silver rings and sandal-wood blocks for charms. He carries coins and bones in his pockets or tied by a string round his neck as guards against evil influences. He finds token of bad luck or good luck in the most common occurrences of every-day life. He is frightened at the appearance of certain birds, aud rejoiced by an easterly wind on one particular day and a southerly breeze on another particular day. There is disaster in clouds of a peculiar form and color, and promise of good in the crackling of a fire or the flaming of a lamp. Calamity is hidden on every hand, and the gods or devils must continually be propitiated.

Events are forecast by lottery, and decided by divination. In the temple of Kwan Tae, one afternoon, I was anxious to know my chance for a safe journey homeward over the Pacific Railroad. I took up the cup of spiritual sticks, shook it well, and then drew out one of them; it was numbered, and the attendant turned to the corresponding number in his big yellow-leaved book of fortune and gave me this answer:-- "The gods prosper the man of upright ways." It was impossible to evade my fate, and I came home without accident of any kind. Sun King said I could have my life mapped out for a year by going to one of the fortune-tellers and passing in the date of my birth and a lock of my hair. There was a cellar down in Jackson street where a fee of five dollars would give me an interview with the shade of Miles Standish or Cotton Mather; and three doors nearer to Dupont street was a man who could write me a correct history of my doings ten years backward or twenty years forward, and, in commiseration of my inferiority of race, would do it for nothing, too! I saw an astrologer of long beard and sinister face, for whom it was vouched that he could compel the stars to tell the date of any coming event; and my friend said that before deciding on the proposal to go into partnership with me as a dealer in tea and rice, he must consult the gods on three successive days.

When a Chinaman dles, his body is at ence placed on the ground or floor, so that his several distinct souls may have an opportunity to withdraw and enter upon their new stage of transmigration. It is then covered with a white cloth—white, and not black, being the Chinese color of mourning—and large quantities of provisions are set near for the refreshment of the dead man's spirit and other spirits supposed to be waiting to conduct it away. The undertaker told me that the cries and howls of the real and hired mourners at this stage of the burial ceremonies are most doleful; he had been present on many occasions, but even felt some nervousness when brought into the mourning-room. One thing a Chinaman must have if possible-a strong and elegant coffin. Frequently at the funerals there is a great beating of gongs and shooting of fire-crackers; this is to keep off bad spirits, and remind the gods that another soul has departed and will need attention in the upper world. Scraps of paper represent-ing money are scattered about the house and along the road to the cemetery; these are propitiatory offerings to the gods of evil disposition for permission to bury the dead in peace and safety. Clothing of various kinds s put into the coffin, as are also at times cups or small baskets of rice and fruits for the soul's long journey. At the grave there are further supplies of food and drink, and things which it is supposed the spirit may want are burned in flames kindled with holy

fire from the temple. The officers of the Six Companies report that about eleven thousand of their countrymen have died in the United States, and that over six thousand bodies have already been sent back to China for final burial, while many more would be forwarded this winter and spring, prior to the great feast for the Two of us had some talk with an educated Chinaman about this custom of sending home the remains of those who die here. It appears to rest on the belief that spirits constantly need earthly care and attention: and they love the body and forever remain near it, and are likely to be forgotten or overlooked if that is left in a strange land, among people not holding the Chinese view of the relation between the dead and the living. The Chinaman wishes, therefore, to be buried among his friends and ancestors, and religion and sentiment alike lead him to make provision for his body after death as well as before death. It is not necessary that the fleshy integument shall mingle with the soil of home, and, as a fact, in most cases only the bones of persons are removed to the ancestral grounds. Many men enter into arrangements with their company or associates as soon as they arrive here for the return of their bodies, and obligations of this kind are held to be as sacred as any that one can assume. In the earlier days of the immigration, provision for final burial at home was made by everybody; but a change of doctrine is taking place, and now one finds a considerable number of persons who are content to have their bodies and those of their relatives rest in America forever. The work of removal will go on for years, but the belief in its religious necessity is likely to disappear when our laws and customs permit the Chinaman to establish his permanent home under the stars and stripes.

The great religious festival of the Chinese year is that of Feeding the Dead. It is a movable feast, but always occurs in the spring, and generally near the end of our month of March. On that day the whole Chinese population of the Pacific slope suspends work. Then, as Wo Lee devoutly believes, the gates of the other world are set wide open, so that spirits of every age and condition may revisit the earth and enjoy the society of friends still in the body. Then the incense of thanksgiving is burned. and flowers tenderly and profusely laid upon every grave. Then tapers are upon every grave. Then tapers are hit at the tombs with fire from the temples, prayers of joy and penitence are offered to all the gods, while flame and

smoke pass over to the spirits great quanti ties of things thought essential to perfect happiness in other spheres. Then the Chinese Quarter of San Francisco is temporarily transferred to the hills of the suburbs, and all classes go to the cemeteries with baskets and boxes and carts and wagons full of meats and fruits and wines. The observance of the day has its comic side, to be sure, as many other strange customs have; but Americans capable of looking at the ceremonies in a catholic spirit speak of them as being extremely touching and beautiful.

The social festivals are numerous, but, so far as I learned, not more than four or five of them are universally observed. These are New Year's, the barvest moon, All-souls day, the feast of lanterns, and the winter solstice. New Year's is the great festival. It occurs near the end of our month of January—this year on the 30th, and last year on the 10th of February. Then all business matters are adjusted, all accounts settled, quarrels reconciled, feuds healed; as far as possible the old must be finished ere the new is begun. Prayers are made in private and at the temples, offerings of food and drink are presented to the gods, incense is burned before the shrines of the dead, fire-crackers are exploded by the wagon-load, the red of joy is everywhere displayed, and tea and wines and fruits and sweetmeats are set out in profusion for all visitors. The feast of the harvest moon is more generally kept in the country and the villages than in San Francisco; it lasts two or three days, brings business to the astrologers, much gathering of persons out of doors, many civilities to strangers, thankofferings to gods, great slaughter of pigs and chickens, and is in some respects not unlike our Thanksgiving day. The feast of All-souls is for the special benefit of spirits who have no living friends, and were not, therefore, provided for in the grand religious festival of March or April. It usually falls in the month of August. There is a procession in which images of certain gods are carried, and a generous display in the streets and on the balconies of houses of food and clothing and such other things as are either left at graves or burned in cemeteries at the annual Feeding of the Dead. On this as well as on all other occasions when meats are offered, what is not eaten by the gods or spirits may be put into the family larder for home consumption. It is useless trying to corner a Chinaman by asking if he believes that the spirits can eat and drink: he answers that there is more in the leg of a fowl than human eyes can see or human palates taste, and that his duty is at least done in cooking and presenting the best of what he has for the support of existence. When Wo Lee comes to dwell with us, we

shall have to consider his religious views and his festal customs, but his desire for amusement will hardly give us trouble or serious inconvenience. After a quaint fashion he greatly enjoys his holidays, but he is altogether too grave a man for anything like national sport. His ear for the concord of sweet sounds is so utterly unlike ours, that we may properly doubt if he has any ear at all. There are singing women in his gambling-shops, but he rarely concerns himself with the question whether their warbling is good or bad. He drops into his theatre occasionally, sits patiently through the long play, and then walks off with the air of one who has killed time rather than found delight. He is a social fellow, and somewhat given to going in crowds, but mostly chooses the mild excitement of a quiet chat over a pot of weak tea, or with a good pipe and plenty of tobacco. If he opens a place of amusement in Boston or New York, we may visit it sometimes to see his neat and curious jugglery, but if those at San Francisco are to be taken as a model, two or three evenings a vear of his recular will be about as much at any of us can endure.

-From Turner & Co. we have received the following publications:-

Our Young Folks for April is filled with pleasant reading in various branches of literature. The illustrations are numerous and good.

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